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THE BYSTANDER
August 14, 1940.

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The Bystander

Anthony

Now a Nincompoop: Gillian Lind

In marked contrast to the quiet seriousness of this portrait, Gillian Lind is now showing her versatility by being social and silly as Helen Barington in *Cottage to Let* (reviewed on p. 201). Playing the part of her husband is Leslie Banks, her opposite number also in *Clive of India* and *Good-bye, Mr. Chips*. Daughter of an actress who played in musical comedy with George Edwardes, Gillian Lind was born in India and first walked on to the stage at the age of seventeen, in *The Risk*, at the Strand. Since then she has acted in plays ranging from *Alf's Button* and *A Little Bit of Fluff* to the *Duchess of Malfi*, in which she took the title-role for the O.U.D.S. last year. At Wyndham's, to which *Cottage to Let* brings her back, she played for two years in the great Edgar Wallace thrillers *The Calendar* and *On the Spot*. She is married to actor Cyril Raymond, now in the R.A.F.

***Polish** Prime Minister, General Sikorski, and Foreign Minister, M. Zaleski, relaxed briefly with Mr. Churchill and Lord Halifax in the garden of 10, Downing Street after the signing of the Anglo-Polish agreement. This provides for the recognition of the Polish forces in this country and in the Middle East as the Army of the Sovereign Polish Republic acting as an operational formation under Polish command, but accepting the authority of the British High Command*

***Czech** Prime Minister, Monsignor Jan Sramek, took the chair at the first meeting of the newly-constituted Czechoslovak Government in London. Seventy years old, Msgr. Sramek has previously held several Cabinet posts in Czechoslovakia and was for some years Deputy Prime Minister. He was one of the organisers of the Czech Catholic Populist Party and is a Protonotary of the Roman Catholic Church*

The Passing Hour

Wartime Comments and Asides

By A. G. Macdonell

LAST Sunday I hired a motor-car and drove out of London, partly to take the air, and partly to have a look at the local defences. One thing struck me forcibly. The road which I selected ran perfectly straight at one point for several miles, a broad, concrete, beautiful road. Along the whole length there was not a single road-block and so, in effect, that stretch of road was the most perfect possible runway for the landing of German troop-carrying aeroplanes.

THE church-bell situation ought to be cleared up at once. The War Office took joint responsibility with the Police for ordering that church-bells should only be rung as an alarm, but it has refused the responsibility of regulating how and by whom the ringing is to be done. It appears that ringing church-bells is a very difficult business, and exceedingly dangerous for an amateur. The kick of the rope is quite enough to kill the ringer, and there is always the chance of being carried up into the belfry and banged against the roof.

IT looks as if the Home Office is going to forbid the opening of theatres on Sundays. There is a mysterious type of mind in the Civil Service, which utterly refuses to admit that the country is at war. That is to say, it refuses to admit that the community at the moment is leading a life which is different from its life before September 1939. There never has been a time in which it was so important to encourage all forms of entertainment. This is going to be a grim enough winter as it is, and we are going to depend more and more upon the theatre, the cinema, radio, newspapers and books. The theatre is in a weak financial state. It could be improved by Sunday opening and Monday closing. Thousands of soldiers and workers want entertainment on Sunday, but the Home Office says "No." As I grow older I begin to wonder more and more if there is anything worse in the world than stupidity. Meanwhile, the Chancellor of the Exchequer taxes books and newspapers and raises the entertainment tax.

THE *Daily Express* reports a peculiar thing at the August week-end which normally would have included the Bank Holiday. All through the Monday men were working at making concrete for block-houses, machine-gun posts, etc. But they did not work on the Sunday or the Saturday afternoon. The men themselves were eager and ready to work, but somebody higher up was resolute that nothing should spoil the English week-end.

THERE are a whole lot of changes in our lives, which are going on all the time, which will have to be realised sooner or later, and the sooner the better. One of them is that this system of Government by the Civil Service needs to be very quickly overhauled if it is not to be forcibly overthrown. What I mean is, that reform is always better than revolution. There is a tradition in this country that the Civil Servants must always remain anonymous. That tradition has got to go. When a fool prevents theatres from being opened on Sundays, or interns suddenly thousands of pro-British aliens and refuses to intern hundreds of pro-German Fascists, then, I submit, the citizenry is entitled to know the name of the fool. In these days it is not enough to say that the Minister takes full responsibility. No Minister in the world could examine all the problems which come before his Ministry. As Jaques says in *As You Like It*:

> A fool, a fool! I met a fool i' the forest,
> A motley fool; a miserable world!

We would like to know the names of our motley friends.

THE campaign throughout the country to provide scrap-iron for munitions is highly important, but I do feel rather strongly that historical souvenirs ought not to be sent to the scrap-heap. For example, the minute-gun from Nelson's "Victory" has been sent from Keswick to be melted down. It was given by Nelson to Southey, the Poet-Laureate. The last time it was fired was on the occasion of Queen Victoria's Golden Jubilee, and it broke all the windows of an adjoining factory. I think it is sad that historical relics should be thrown away like this.

MAY I draw your attention to a very deserving cause? Sir Hugh Walpole is the Chairman of the "British Prisoners of War Books and Games Fund," to provide occupation for our men in German prison camps. They have a pretty grim winter in front of them. The Fund is not allowed, by Government regulations, to accept goods. Only money can be received. So send your postal order or your cheque to the Hon. Treasurer, at Carrington House, Hertford Street, W.1, and you will be doing a good deed.

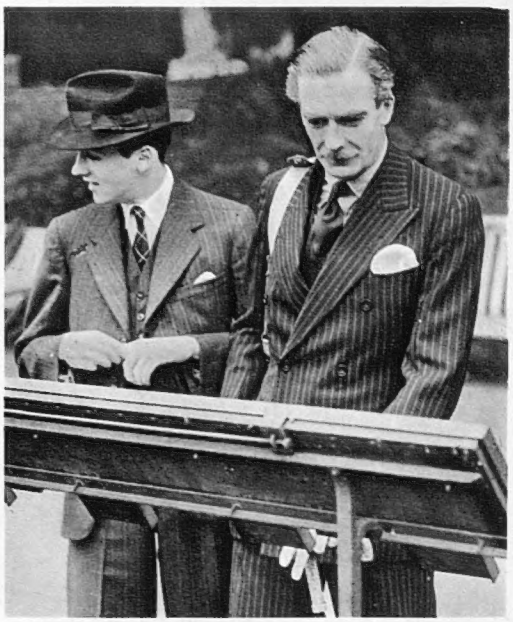
YOU would have thought that Marshal Pétain and his Government would

(*Concluded on page 196*)

All Free Frenchmen Look to Him as Leader

Howard Coster, F.R.S.A.

"IT is the determination of his Majesty's Government, when victory has been gained by the Allied arms, to secure the full restoration of the independence and greatness of France." This pledge was made in a letter last week from Mr. Churchill to General de Gaulle, Leader of the Army of all free Frenchmen, which is now established in this country to fight side by side with the British Forces against the common enemy. On hoardings all over England General de Gaulle's inspiring message reproduced above calls to arms and proclaims the purpose of his fight: "Nothing is lost, because this war is a world war. In the free universe immense forces have not yet been brought into play. Some day these forces will crush the enemy. On that day France must be present at the Victory. She will then regain her liberty and her greatness. That is my goal, my only goal!" And to work with the British High Command towards that goal the General is admirably equipped. Under his command are many of France's finest soldiers, sailors and airmen, men who prize freedom above dishonourable peace, and he himself is the man who almost alone of France's military leaders foresaw the course of total, machine warfare. Three books from his pen and many lectures bear witness that long before the onslaught came, he recognised the threat to the comfortable strategies of the old guard and advocated new means to meet it. In last week's agreement with the British Government he was recognised as supreme commander of the French forces and accepted the general direction of the British High Command, with French units where necessary serving under the direct command of British officers



***British** Secretary of State for War, Anthony Eden, took his elder son, Simon, along to have a look at the ducks in St. James's Park and practised spotting the breed from the pictures. Mr. Eden recently set up a War Office committee, including both soldiers and business men, to speed up and make more elastic the machinery of the department*

The Passing Hour

(Continued from page 194)

be pretty busy just now. They have quite a lot on their hands, what with one thing and another. Nevertheless, they have found time to forbid all Frenchwomen to wear two-piece bathing costumes. I doubt whether the bathing season in France will be a very gay one, anyway. This decree will make it less gay than ever.

SOVIET wine-tasters are in trouble. It appears that they have been engaging in "extra-curricular drinking," to the extent of about two and a quarter million roubles a year. The *Isveztia* points out that wine-tasting is an honourable proletarian profession, but it suggests that collective wine-tasting parties and the consumption of twenty or thirty quarts of wine a month is going a little too far.

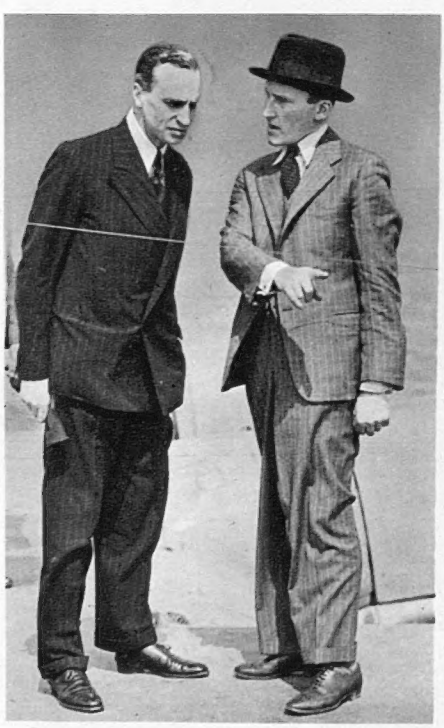
DOCTOR COOK, who died last week, laid the foundations of the fortunes of Sir Philip Gibbs. The *Daily Chronicle* sent Gibbs to Copenhagen to cover the story of the explorer's return from the North Pole, and Gibbs was the first journalist to smell a rat. Finally, he took a great journalistic risk and cabled to the *Chronicle* that Cook was an impostor. A few days later Gibbs was proved to have been right, and his reputation as a journalist soared.

IT seems that Doctor Cook suffered from an excess of imagination, coupled with a passionate desire to be in the limelight. He really was an excellent explorer and mountain-climber, but he could not bear the thought of living in obscurity. He spent the latter years of his life on various ingenious schemes for the improvement of mankind. The most notable one was a scheme to breed dwarfs, to act as domestic servants in small American flats.

COLONEL LINDBERGH has been doing his stuff again, and urging co-operation with the Germans. He put forward the curious argument that "co-operation is always possible when both sides have sufficient to gain." In this war the British Empire has plenty to gain—among other things, the liberation of Denmark, Holland, France, and so on. The Germans also have plenty to gain. Other people's territory, for instance, and loot. But how can we co-operate with them? It is high time that the gallant Colonel stopped talking rubbish.

THE whole affair of Gracie Fields and her husband, Mr. Monty Banks (whose real name is Signor Mario Bianchi), is most unfortunate. She is a very great artist and a patriot, and a woman with a big heart. But the story of the financial transaction of the Bianchi family as explained in the House of Commons does not make pleasant reading. It is not a sufficient answer to say that Mrs. Bianchi is a great patriot. She is no more of a patriot than any of the thirty or forty million people who are resolutely determined that the British Empire shall win this war. If the strict rules of the Treasury are to be thrown into the waste-paper basket in favour of patriots, then what is the point of making the rules at all?

THE Bianchi case brings up a whole lot of questions to one's mind. How many people are being allowed to export large sums of money? How many people openly possess dollar balances and have not been compelled to turn them over to the Treasury? How do "goodwill Ambassadors" finance themselves, on their voluntary embassies? Either they must take money out of the country with them or they possess undeclared dollar balances. What is wanted, urgently, is a list of all British citizens who have left this country for America, since the "blitzkrieg" started, and an account of the money which they were allowed to take with them. Either this is a war for democracy or it is a war for vested interests, and it is high time we discovered for certain which it is. The men and women who are toiling in the munitions factories so magnificently are entitled to an answer.



***On the wing** of the flying-boat Clare, which last week made a record Trans-atlantic flight to restart the service on which experimental trips were made last year, Sir Archibald Sinclair, Secretary of State for Air, listened to an explanation of the machine's construction from Mr. Noel Richardson, Director of Atlantic Operations*

***On the way** to convalescence in the country, Ellen Wilkinson, Labour Member for Jarrow and Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Pensions, shook hands with the nurse at a London hospital who had looked after her through an operation for appendicitis, from which she is making a rapid and successful recovery*

***On the platform,** somewhere in England, where the Second Canadian Division to reach this country detrained to take up their quarters, Major-General V. W. Odlum (left), who is in command, took stock of his new surroundings with some of his brother officers. The Division includes many Americans (200 in one regiment alone) who have volunteered for service with their friends north of the border*

Captain McCarthy, R.N., of the Ajax

Captain Gifford of the Highlander

Masters of the Seas

Come U-boats, come bombers, come surface raiders, the captain of a British ship of the Royal or Merchant Navy can count himself master of the seas through which he sails. That he has both will and power to retain that mastery has been shown during this war by many exploits, notable among them the achievement of the Ajax, when last year she, with the Exeter and the Achilles, drove the pocket-battleship Admiral Graf Spee to an ignominious end in the estuary of the River Plate. Now the Ajax is recommissioned, and under her new master, Captain E. D. B. McCarthy, goes out again to sea as guardian of the world's trade routes. And the more recent achievement of the s.s. Highlander under Captain William Gifford, who has been awarded the O.B.E. for his feat, is proof that where need be the traders can protect themselves and take toll of any marauder. Attacked twice within ten minutes in the North Sea by German bombers, the Highlander's crew shot the first raider in flames into the sea, and by hitting the second with their anti-aircraft fire, caused it to crash into the poop of their ship. With the wreckage still strewn on her deck, she steamed into port, to receive a signal from the Admiralty to the master: "We are delighted to hear of your spirited and successful engagement which resulted in the destruction of two enemy aircraft. We send our warmest congratulations to you and all officers and men concerned"

*"**Theatreland**" comes to St. George's Hall, old home of radio variety, at lunchtime every Friday, when the B.B.C. gives a guide to the shows by broadcasting excerpts from current plays linked up by songs from musicals and by the compèring of Raymond Glendenning, who also arranges and produces the programmes. In this general view of the studio Hedley Briggs and Hermione Gingold are at the microphone, doing their sketch "Orient Express," from "Swinging the Gate," while Glendenning stands by them watching the time and Peter Yorke waits with one foot on his rostrum for the orchestra's cue. In the foreground Robert Helpmann, Madge Elliott, Valerie Taylor and Hugh Sinclair await their turn*

***Song of the week** is brought to by George Melachrino, accompanied by the orchestra. Melachrino, as well as being himself a band-leader and has been the Café de Paris this many a night. photographer called was "Sweet and arrangement of Peter Yorke's own*

Picking the Shows by Ear

"Theatreland" is the B.B.C.'s Own Guide to What's On in London

***Foretaste** of fun to be found in "Swinging the Gate," at the Ambassadors, is provided via the microphone by Madge Elliott and Robert Helpmann, two of the stars of the revue. Helpmann rushes down every evening from Sadler's Wells, after putting in some strenuous ballet dancing, to reveal another side of his talent by his brilliant impersonations of stage and screen stars*

***Revival** at the Adelphi of down by the war, was marked those who came to the micro- Valerie Taylor and Hugh*

the radio audience Peter Yorke and a sweet singer, is providing music at Song the week the Lovely," a special signature tune

***Conference** between conductor Peter Yorke at the piano and producer Raymond Glendenning fits together the lunchtime programme of excerpts and songs. They have the advice of Capt. Eric Maschwitz of the War Office, formerly director of B.B.C. variety, and author of " Balalaika " and " New Faces." Between them they work out a programme especially designed to give those on leave in London an idea of where most pleasurably to find evenings' entertainment*

" Dear Octopus," Dodie Smith's successful comedy which was closed by the inclusion of an excerpt from the play in " Theatreland." Among phone were Marie Tempest, who plays the part of Dora Randolph, and Sinclair as Cynthia and Nicholas Randolph, two of her children

***Impromptu** dance by Hermione Gingold, reminiscent of her Bacchante number in " Swinging the Gate," livens up a rehearsal of the programme's signature tune, " Theatreland." Amused onlooker is Ruby Duncan, one of the two pianists who provide music for the Ambassadors show*

Angus McBean

"The Devil's Disciple"

A gallant scoundrel with a heart of gold, acted by Robert Donat, and hero of a Shaw play where the twists and turns of Shavian wit are matched with a rapid melodramatic story, devil's disciple Dick Dudgeon is a certain success. In this part Donat returns to the London stage after a four-year absence, during which his film fame soared into the international sky *(The Citadel; Good-bye, Mr. Chips)*. At the Piccadilly he has been welcomed back by crowded houses. In the cast with him are Roger Livesey and Rosamond John (right) as Pastor Anderson and his wife Judith, and Milton Rosmer as General Burgoyne. The latter also produced this excellent revival, which, but for the war, would have been at the Old Vic last autumn

The Theatre

By Herbert Farjeon

"Cottage to Let" (Wyndham's)

As soon as I set eyes on Trently (Peter Rosser), I came to the anxious conclusion that he was up to no good. It was not only that his complexion was pasty—a bad sign in a spy play—but that, having given notice to leave John Barington, the eccentric scientist (Leslie Banks), a few months before, he had now come back, on the eve of the war, to seek re-engagement without explaining why. Barington re-engaged him and we trembled for England, for had he not just hit on an anæsthetic of which he alone knew the recipe, by means of which it was possible to achieve insensibility to pain without losing any other faculty, and in possession of which the enemy would be able to launch shock troops into battle full of courage? Nor did Trently, who, after all, was but a tool, work alone. Over and above him was Charles Dimble (Alastair Sim), to whom a cottage on the scientist's estate had just been let by his feather-brained wife, Gillian Lind, who plays the part so delightfully that I just can't bring myself to confine her name in parentheses.

The object of Charles Dimble, devil take him, was (1) to kidnap Barington; and (2) to hoik him on to a submarine; and (3) to whisk him to Germany, there, under threats, to manufacture his patent pain-killer in large quantities. It was, therefore, some comfort to note that the butler (Fred Groves) was a poor hand at trays and a good ear at keyholes when Dimble and Trently were laying their nefarious plans. It was further comforting to note that the evacuee boy, Ronald Mittsby (George Cole), was no mean amateur detective and British to the backbone. Nevertheless, the kidnapping was effected, and by the first scene of the third act Barington and the butler had been transported as far as a bungalow on the coast. Here, left alone, they freed themselves from the bonds, which are seldom, in spy plays, as strong as the plot, and then proceeded to play havoc with the black-out, deliberately flashing lights in the hope that wardens would flock from all the four quarters of the county. The delight with which the audience greeted this daring breach of regulations indicated how happy we shall all be when a crack of light in the night is no longer regarded as a sign of original sin. I predict that the night the black-out is rescinded, there won't be a drawn blind in the country.

It is a tribute to the serious nature of this war that we should have had to wait eleven months for the first spy play. A rattling good play of its kind Mr. Geoffrey Kerr has given us. Master Cole, the boy evacuee, is the discovery of the company, and his the hit. Mr. Banks enlivens an admirable performance with queer noises undiscoverable in any dictionary, but highly expressive of emotion. And Miss Lind, as I have already said, is a treat. Comedy for her.

Scientist's scatter-brained wife (Gillian Lind)

Sketches by Rouson

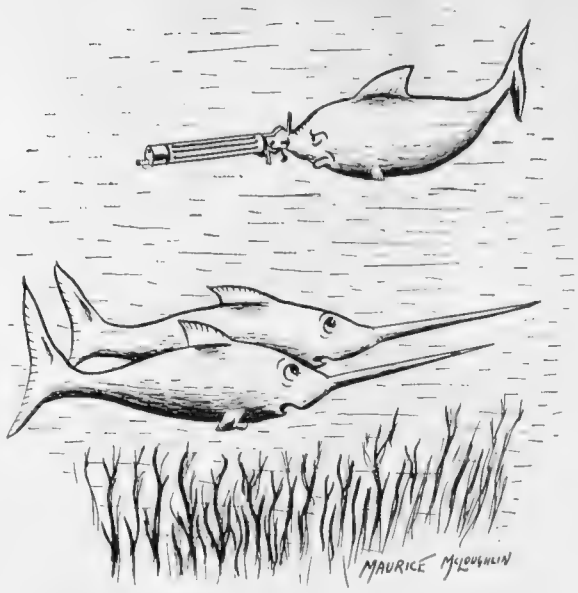
Buttling policeman (Fred Groves) and evacuee (George Cole)

Friendly enemies: patriotic scientist John Barington (Leslie Banks) and enemy agent Charles Dimble (Alastair Sim)

Standing By . . .

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis



"He's a newcomer from European waters"

IF, as reported, Brittany is to be made an independent State (under a German Military Governor) the Nazis doubtless hope not only to injure France but to swing the Pan-Celtic vote in some dim future. For a long time they've been playing up to the blackavised and hairy Celt—there was even a smooth German envoy dodging round Edinburgh some time before the war, a chap tells us, dickering soulfully with the fiery Nationalist boys of that capital and possibly laughing up his sleeve—and ever since Northern France fell into German hands we've been prepared for something of the sort. The Bretons, though their extreme Nationalists only went Fenian a few years ago, were always a race apart; devout, secret, hardy, tribal, warlike, melancholy, suspecting and detesting the Grand Orient politicians of the Third Republic—having already given the First Republic hell in the Vendée under Cathelineau and Cadoudal—and rapt in the misty, mystic twilight of ancient Armor and the dark magic of those perilous seas which leap and batter at Morbihan and Finistère with such cries of prophecy and doom. The forests of the Bretons also are full of Celtic faëry, especially Broceliande, where Merlin wove his spells, and which is still haunted. They have a thousand local saints and a million legends, and even their national patron, St. Yves, is of a strange kind, having been a lawyer in his youth. Although the Bretons have been the backbone of the French Navy for generations, they have never really forgiven Duchess Anne for bringing them under the French Crown by marriage—unless we err—some 400 years ago. To this, and not so much to their sombre climate, we have always attributed that fondness for eau-de-vie which rots their teeth.

Whether the Bretons will enjoy independence under the Nazi ægis the world will probably never know, since they can't expect to enjoy it very long. A certain amount of passing envy from the Scots, the Welsh, the Cornish, and even the dim and dubious Manx seems reasonable enough. Doubtless in the fine new post-war Europe we are all looking forward to the Celt will everywhere assert a few claims, like a lot of other people. About time the Scots did, too. The sorrows of Prestonpans have turned The Macdonell, for one, quite pink with grief.

Loss

AMONG the sad immediate by-products of France's tragedy—not counting a British bishop's recent assertion in his diocesan magazine that Gamelin lacked the intelligence of a Boy Scout, though the episcopal critic forebore to mention the year he himself passed Staff College—we count the cessation of the French monthly reviews, and especially the *Revue de Paris*, which was recently running a jolly translation of Pepys' Diary. Pepys looks mighty at home in French costume ("*Levé tôt; avec le capitaine Cocke à l'Arsenal, belle promenade, beau temps.*"), and after all, the Restoration was a pretty Frenchified show itself, the cagiest modern French critics admitting that the *Memoirs* of Grammont, by Anthony Hamilton, are such excellent French that they might have been written by a civilised being. The Pepys series showed among other things how foolish we've been to drop one of the merry Slogger's (and Shakespeare's) favourite words, "cuckold," still in daily use among the French (*cocu*). Right down to Lamb's time this fine old useful word was current in English speech; nowadays the gossip-boys have nothing to describe satisfactorily half the fashionables they see in the smart restaurants. Yet think how satisfying a paragraph beginning: "Dropping into the Magnifique, I found the place packed with well-known Mayfair cuckolds, including 'Jiggers' Bashworthy, Lord Henry Ape," etc., etc., would be. Or: "Crossing the Park I ran into popular 'Socks' Mulligatawny, who, as his friends laughingly declare, has a perfect cuckoldy pan"—a near enough rendering of *une vraie tête de cocu*, and a clear, succint, and sufficient description of a common West End type.

Several other excellent old English words have been steadily lost to us, such as "buxom," properly meaning good-natured or obliging, and the lovely word "wanhope," meaning despair. Also "frampold," applied to a peevish or petulant wench, mopsy, flybynight, jillflirt, minx, hussy, jade, or quean. Next time a baggage chucks you for a dinner date, accost her in due course in some public place and with the cry "Come clean, thou frampold trollop!" She'll like that.

"Look, George, I've laid one"

Scrap

PASSING a jewelled hand over his freshly-powdered tye-wig and concluding his letter (before sanding it), with an elegant eighteenth-century flourish ("I have, Sir, the honour to be your obedient Servant"), an official of the Georgian Group wrote to the Editor of the *Times* the other day suggesting that most ironwork erected in this country after 1850 might easily be spared for scrap, but that ironwork of earlier date, roughly speaking, should be preserved. This seems ordinary common sense. It was actually a little before 1850 that the whiskery ones began protecting the hideous sarcophagi of their relations from the body-snatchers with enormous cast-iron railings

mass-produced in Birmingham, and thence, flushed with success, proceeding to rail out the poor from practically everything they could lay hands on with the same bestial product; but by 1850 the process was in full blast and the doom of the independent British craftsman in ironwork was sealed. To-day the citizenry is beginning slowly to realise, aided by healthful kicks in the pants from us reactionaries ("Yah! *Fascist*!"), that practically everything our pre-Victorian fathers made, from a door-key to a cathedral, was alike a thing of beauty and utility, being the work of craftsmen. Here and there the British craftsman is slowly recovering. We know a Sussex village blacksmith who can make wrought-iron gates and firedogs and firebacks worthy of comparison with anything in South Kensington; and, like an honourable craftsman, he doggedly refuses to put antique dates on any of his work. Thus does Tradition and the Guild spirit survive in the teeth of Big Business, and maybe in that post-war world mass production will go the same way down the drain as the usurers, and the Servile State will make way at last for the Distributive. If you're waking, call us early, Mother dear.

How right, incidentally, that chap was who was hoping recently in whimsy mood that the dawn of peace may see the decombusting of the Internal Combustion Engine, the source of so many of our present miseries. How much happier the English road is even now, freed from a large amount of its roar and stink. You may say mournfully that red-faced business men would never let us abolish an engine which gets them and their odalisques down to Brighton in under an hour, but take courage, little ones. Red-faced business men were deceiving their pale, plain wives long before the 1900's, and they did it very efficiently with the aid of railway trains and horses; most enjoyably, perhaps, when there weren't even trains, and they could dazzle blondes by their handling of the ribbons behind a pair of spanking greys. Nor, since business men drank to excess then as now, was the journey devoid of pleasurable excitement. We never travel the Brighton Road without seeing the ghosts of innumerable Regency and Victorian Opera and ballet girls sitting by the wayside, describing their befuddled ghostly escorts in no uncertain terms and contemplating the wreck of some ghostly barouche, mail-cart, gig, dogcart or Ralli cart with scorn and hate in their big luscious orbs.

Tribute

FOLLOWING recent German descriptions of the British Home Guard as armed murderers, crooks, and criminals, it was a kindly and consoling act of the L.M.S. to name one of its new engines of the Patriot class "Home Guard," and we appreciate it. The L.M.S. has always been a railway with decent instincts, unlike the Southern Railway, which not so long ago allowed an engine of the Public Schools class named "Eton" to be shunted along very shamefully by its behind at the extreme end of a string of trucks and wagons, full of chemical manure and cows and old iron, and empty carriages designed for the middle classes, by an engine named "Lancing," as we saw with our own hot and astonished eyes. It is little things like this that turn the Headmasters' Conference into a bear-garden. In the same week we saw an S.R. engine of the Camelot class named "Sir Erysipelas," or some such superb name out of Tennyson's Idylls, attached to a van full of dead fish. On a decent line (we thought) an engine named "Eton" would draw only Old Etonians and would snort and dash along superbly, glittering like a star. Engines named after the lesser Public Schools, much less ornately turned out, would draw each its own rabble of Old Boys, and so we descend the social scale to some grubby tank-engine with a number, chuffing along self-consciously with a load of grammar-school products.

Which brings us once more to the question of first-class Pullman cars, named presumably after high-class girls Mr. Pullman knew and admired in his youth, such as "Ermyntrude" and "Valerie." Third-class Pullman cars normally bear numbers, and we've lately felt that the choice of some more homely girls' names, suitable to the third-class Pullman passenger's lowlier position in life, would alleviate to some extent this rather bitter social distinction. "Mordie," for example, or "Gert," or "Our Annie," or even "Ted's Bit." Excuse this class-consciousness.

Respite

SLOGGER OGILVIE (in person) having assured the Island Race that the dreadful "tick-tock" interval signal which has been perturbing it so long will be changed for something else, the war can now go on. But, one of the B.B.C. boys assures us, the change is not an easy matter. The best brains of the B.B.C. are working on the problem in great agony night and day, testing the effects of a hundred substitutes, from the first bar of "Rule, Britannia!" to the sound of a baronet boffing a cricketer playfully in the pants with a Test bat signed by Bishop Bradman; a characteristic British *woff*, at once a stimulant and provocative of noble thinking. Three nervous breakdowns (this chap says) have already occurred among the B.B.C. high-ups, and relays of the Fourth Form, on whom these signals are tried, have to be replaced every other day. The bat-on-pants sound, for example, may exalt 75 per cent. of the citizenry but terrify the rest. A rich, deep, sweet contralto voice crooning: "Mother calling! Mother calling! Mother calling!" may enrapture half a million listeners but upset a million others, who may not like their mothers, or, if Barrie types, may never have had one.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

"That's the D.S.O., that one"

Films of the Day

An Elizabethan Tale for the Times

By George Campbell

"My loyal subjects," proclaims Elizabeth at the end of the new *Sea Hawk*, "a grave duty confronts us all: to prepare our nation for a war that none of us wants—least of all your Queen. We have tried by all means within our power to avert this conflict. We have no quarrel with the people of Spain or any other country. But when the ruthless ambitions of a man threaten to engulf the world, it becomes the solemn obligation of free men, wherever they may be, to affirm that the earth belongs not to any man, but to all men, and that freedom is the deed and title to the soil on which we exist. Firm in this faith, we shall now make ready to meet the great Armada which Philip sends against us. To this end I pledge you ships worthy of our seamen, a sturdy fleet hewn out of the forests of England and Scotland. A navy foremost in the world not only in our time, but in generations to come."

Perhaps you remember Milton Sills-Lord, to think that was fifteen years ago!—in the silent version of *The Sea Hawk*, telling of the sufferings of Sir Roger Tressilian as a slave in a Moorish galley and his adventures and triumphs as Sakr-el-Bahr, the greatest corsair of the Barbary Coast. Well, Rafael Sabatini's original story has not just been chopped about, in the time-honoured Hollywood manner. It has been chopped out altogether. Instead we have a saga of Elizabethan sea-dogs defying Philip of Spain, with the emphasis, as you will have gathered from the speech I quoted, on the parallels with a similar threat to-day. First-rate propaganda it is, too, all the better for being indirect. Hollywood has its faults, as once or twice this department has admitted under pressure, but when it comes to putting Britain's case, it has done more than all the Ministry of Information's politicians and civil servants and film experts and Silent Sensibles (Mr. and Mrs.) put together.

The Sea Hawk opens in 1585. "Philip of Spain menaces the freedom of the world, and only England stands in his way. The heroes of the day"—I am still quoting the erudite Messrs. Warner—"are the Sea Hawks, privateers who swoop on Spanish ships and bring rich booty home to fill England's dwindling coffers." Their leader, keeping the Queen waiting while he hunts for his pet monkey with the same nonchalance as he singes Philip's beard, is the dashing Francis Thorpe (Errol Flynn). Once or twice you catch a glimpse of Frobisher and Hawkins; they, too, you gather, are stout fellows in their way. But when it comes to winning his Queen's favour with a handsome profile and a pretty speech, raiding Panama, boarding a Spanish galleon, capturing ambassadors and treasure and generally raising hell, they are all outclassed by Francis Thorpe. He even succeeds in capturing a lovely señorita for himself without losing the Queen's favour, which is more than anybody else could ever do. Altogether he seems to have crowded into his thirty years or so the achievements of Drake, Raleigh, Essex and Sir Henry Morgan, not to mention Doug. Fairbanks père, whose acrobatics on a rope and famous duel on staircases and tables and sofas with anything from one antagonist to a small army are faithfully reproduced. Incidentally, the duel with Lord Wolfingham, one of the early Fifth Columnists, whose ambition it is to rule England as Philip's gauleiter, is the best thing of its kind for years. What the Sieur de Brantôme would have thought of all the slashing and dirty work I don't know—ordinarily he approved of anything that worked; but the struggle lasts longer than any I can remember on the screen, and there is *oomph* in every foot of it.

Errol Flynn, always at his best when fighting for England, lacks the authority to be expected in a great naval leader, but is otherwise satisfactory; Flora Robson plays the Queen again with great fire and force; Donald Crisp is her faithful patriotic adviser, "Sir John Burleson"; Claude Rains makes the most of the Spanish Ambassador; and Henry Daniell is a magnificently sinister Wolfingham. I must not forget Brenda Marshall, the dark and lovely girl whom we saw in *Espionage Agent*, and many of us would like to see again. Michael Curtiz, who disconcerted Donald Crisp in *Elizabeth and Essex* by ordering Bacon to change a line about Essex from "He 's my patron" to "He 's my pal," has directed with fine sweep and gusto.

Underground Dirty Work

Repeating their comedy-horror partnership of "The Cat and the Canary," Bob Hope and Paulette Goddard become mixed up with some very nasty goings-on in the cellars of a mysterious Cuban castle which is the setting of "The Ghost Breakers," showing at the Plaza. The sinister hand with the revolver is one of the least of horrors which include ghostly organs, trap-doors and a death-chamber. All, needless to say, comes out right in the end, with the supernatural relegated to its proper unimportance. George Campbell reviews "The Ghost Breakers" on this page

Bob Hope is one of my favourite comedians, unsurpassed in the art of putting over a wisecrack; and Paulette Goddard is as likable and shapely as they come. Together they have a lot of fun with voodoo and zombies (people who have been dead a long while but won't lie down), and plain ordinary gangsters, in a comedy called *The Ghost Breakers*. Not since the Marx Brothers' *At the Circus* have I laughed so much as at one little sequence where Bob Hope, after being locked for hours in a cabin trunk, starts walking around in the position of a Cossack dancing on his heels. The dialogue has some extraordinarily funny lines. (E.g., Bob Hope's comment in the thunder-storm: "Basil Rathbone [Hollywood's most spectacular host] must be giving a party," and his Negro servant's "Speak up—I cain't hear you in the dark."). Anyway, they sound funny as put over by Bob Hope and Willie Best.

Anna Neagle makes her Hollywood debut in *Irene* (pronounced in America "Ireen"), directed by Herbert Wilcox. A tale of an Irish girl who captivates a rich young man (Ray Milland) and makes a hit as a mannequin and a debutante unrecognised by her customers, *Irene* has a novelettish plot, plenty of simple sentiment and humour, a good deal of charm and some attractive frocks. If you like the recipe, this is your dish.

Pictures of "The Sea Hawk" and "Irene" were in last week's "Bystander."

Changeable

Judy Kelly in Three Moods

Wistful, petulant, sophisticated, Judy Kelly can change her mood as well as any actress. Her special gift is her changeable face, mobile and expressive, a pleasure to a film-director or photographer. She has done a lot of film work, some television, some Empire broadcasting. She is herself Australian, comes of a non-theatrical family, but chose her career at fifteen, and began to train in ballet, dramatic art, elocution. Made her stage debut in Sydney at seventeen, came to England aged twenty. Here auburn-haired, poetry-loving Miss Kelly has played juvenile lead in various comedies, Catherine of Russia in *Bridge of Sighs*, which was a personal success for her, though a general failure; is now the glamorous relief, mostly in pyjamas, to the Hare-Drayton comicality in that first-class farce, *Women Aren't Angels*

C

Women in

Lady Davidson, Conservative M.P. for Hemel Hempstead

Parliamentarian *Lady Davidson at home in Westminster*

Daughter of a Liberal Baron, wife of a Tory Viscount, Lady Davidson represents the fifth generation of her family to sit in the House of Commons. One of her husband's leading helpers in his constituency during the seventeen years he sat for Hemel Hempstead, she succeeded to the seat on his elevation to the peerage three years ago, winning a by-election with a seven thousand majority. In the House she sits on many committees, including one currently very vital one which investigates Governmental expenditure. Of this she has been the only woman member since Ellen Wilkinson joined the Government. But both inside and outside Parliament her principal interest has long been the problem of housing, and she has done much to improve the living conditions of the poor of London, especially in Westminster, where she herself lives at 16, Great College Street, very handy for the House. Near by is the Tachbrooke Estate, Pimlico, a rehousing scheme with which she is especially concerned. The Davidsons have four children, Margaret, the eldest, who would have come out this year, at a domestic college, Jean and Andrew at school, and Malcolm, who is only five, at their country house near Berkhamsted, which, together with the town house, Lady Davidson still finds time to run in the brief moments left her by the Parliamentary and social work to which she gives so much of her time

Predecessor *of Lady Davidson as M.P. for Hemel Hempstead was her husband, who was made a peer in 1937*

Secretary *Miss Lawrence overlooks a consultation of Hansard*

Parliament

Dr. Summerskill, Labour M.P. for West Fulham

Daughter of a doctor, sister of a doctor, wife of a doctor, Edith Summerskill qualified as a doctor herself when she was twenty-three, and has never let her practice slip through the years in which her interests have widened to make her Vice-President of the Socialist Medical Association, a member of the Middlesex County Council, and finally, in 1938, after unsuccessful attempts at Putney and Bury, Labour Member of Parliament for West Fulham. Now her life is firmly divided (not in the least like All Gaul) into three parts. First she has two children to look after, and her Highgate house to run; then all morning she sees her patients; afternoons are devoted to Parliamentary work at the House, where she sits on several committees, including Mr. Bevin's Woman Power committee, which deals with all questions of women's work in wartime, and Lord Woolton's Food Advisory Council, where her medical training and experience are particularly useful. Not content with all this, Dr. Summerskill, who created one precedent by being the first married woman to enter Parliament under her maiden name, has created another by becoming the first woman member of the Westminster Rifle Club. She shoots regularly on the House of Lords range, and at her first-ever attempt proved her claim to be worthy of enrolment in the Parliamentary detachment of the Home Guard by scoring seven bulls in ten shots

***Doctor** Edith Summerskill at home in Highgate*

***Colleague,** medically speaking, of his wife, Dr. Jeffrey Samuel is now in the R.A.M.C.*

***Secretary** to Edith Summerskill confers with her chief*

"Tickler's Army

A Jam Factory at War

One of the most elaborately organised of all home defence irregular detachments is that created and run by Colonel W. M. Tickler among the employees of the Berkshire jam factory, of which he is managing director. With a Coldstream Guards sergeant, lately returned from fighting in France, as instructor, with armoured cars built by the factory's engineers, with a machine-gun among its armament, and with a fully trained corps of first-aiders and fire-fighters among the women workers in support, this unit fully earns its title of "Tickler's Army," a name reminiscent of those locally raised volunteer units of earlier days which have more than once done sterling service in Britain's wars. Almost all the workers drill at lunch-time, after hours on Sundays, and in turns of an hour during the working day. They are, in fact, well on the road to being, as the military correspondent of the *Times* advocated recently that units of the Home Guard should be, "first-class irregulars, not second-class imitations of the regular soldier on the parade ground"

***Organiser** and Commanding Of jam factory force, Colonel W. M. the firm's managing director, and wo couple of basketfuls of raw mater him. The firm conducts training ev working hours, and pays for time*

***Machine-gun** instruction is part of the thorough defence training given in odd hours to the four hundred employees of this Berkshire factory. Behind this fierce weapon is Elwin Matthews, who works in the storage department of the factory, and can be seen at the right among the jam-pots*

***First-aid** practice is carried out by women employees to complement the men's defence work. On the left, Joyce Russell and Beryl bandage an imaginary fractured arm for Louis Cosgrave, a clerk in the offices, during the lunch hour, while (in the centre) they their normal avocation of labelling and covering pots of jam, and at the right, the "casualty" recovers sufficiently to get back to his*

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***Expert** instructor of "Tickler's Army" is Wilfred Thorpe (standing behind gun), until a few weeks ago a sergeant in the Coldstream, who has been in France with the B.E.F., and thus has personal experience of 1940-style warfare. Second from the right in the picture is Fred Beaven, company-sergeant-major in the "army," who is also on the left inspecting a trough of black currants in his other capacity as foreman of the factory*

***Mechanisation** has not left "Tickler's Army" behind, and engineers at the factory have made an experimental armoured car, by fitting an old chassis (bought for a fiver) with wooden boards, slitted for machine-guns. This was only a start, and successors are being more thoroughly armoured with plates made from scrap-metal. Beside "Tickler's Tank" walk some of the women employees, who during their lunch hour are on their way to first-aid or fire-fighting practice*

The Hon. Mrs. Edmonstone and Her Daughter

Mrs. Edmonstone is the former Alicia Browne, daughter of Lord Kilmaine. She married her sailor husband in 1937; he is Lieut.-Com. Edward Edmonstone, R.N., second son of Sir Archibald Edmonstone, Bt. Their daughter Antonia is three this year

The Work Party

Members of the Holmbury St. Mary work through a fine summer afternoon are Miss Burchell, Mrs. Copper, Miss Simpson, Winterton, Miss Deedes, Mrs. Flower, Miss

A Surrey Sewing

The Hon. Mrs. Ernest Guinness, Wartime Companions at Holm-

An irregular member of the work party is Home Guard M. le Feuvre, who came to inspect the fire-extinguishers and stayed to wind wool

Photographs by Tunbridge-Sedgwick

At Holmbury St. Mary, a Surrey village a few miles south of Dorking, there is an energetically-run hospital supplies depot and work party headed by the Hon. Mrs. Ernest Guinness and Mrs. Pool. Mrs. Guinness herself lives two miles away, at Holmbury House, where she also has staying with her the wife and daughter of her nephew, Michael Russell, and the wife and daughter of a sailor, Lieut.-Com. Edmonstone. Mrs. Guinness is the wife of the Hon. Ernest Guinness, the Earl of Iveagh's brother, and the sister of Sir Charles Russell, Bt., of Swallowfield Park, Reading. She has three daughters of her own—the Hon. Mrs. Brinsley Plunket, the Marchioness of Dufferin and Ava, and Lady Oranmore and Browne—and several grandchildren

Leaders of the Holmbury St. Mary

The Hon. Mrs. Edmonstone, the Hon. Mrs. Ernest sit on the platform of the village hall and knit giving out materials, keeping lists, checking fications. Mrs. Guinness and Mrs. Pool are the

in Full Needle-Pushing Session

party who came to the village hall to knit and sew their way Robertson, Mrs. David Russell, Mrs. Montefiore, Mrs. Mrs. Wynn, Miss M. Bennett, Mrs. Underwood, Miss F. Bennett, Miss Roffee, Mrs. Woods, Miss Campbell

The Hon. Mrs. Ernest Guinness and Her War Guests

At her Surrey home Mrs. Ernest Guinness now has a nursery again, in which rule her sixteen-months-old great-niece, Chloe Russell, and little Antonia Edmonstone. Sitting with Mrs. Guinness on the parapet are their mothers, Mrs. Michael Russell and Mrs. Edmonstone

Party

Her House and bury St. Mary

Work Party

Guinness and Mrs. Pool ard in the intervals of ospital supplies speci- rganisers of the depot

Holmbury House Stands on a Surrey Hillside

Holmbury House is two miles from Holmbury St. Mary, lies on a wooded hillside with a lovely terraced garden below, and wide views to the south

Old Bill and Co.: By Bruce Bairnsfather

"We shall be sending you two Corsicans on Monday"

The "Bystander" Bookshelf

A Combustible Edwardian

By V. S. Pritchett

"Combustible literature"—so, Dame Ethel Smythe says, her music was once defined. That goes for her memoirs as well. *What Happened Next* (Longmans; 15s.) is full of combustion. Where so much of reminiscence comes flavourless out of the human refrigerator, and serves up coldly and hygienically what was once warm and alive with cheerful bacteria, Dame Ethel Smythe dishes the past up hot and in all its piping variety. Those who knew the musical world in London, Paris, Dresden, Weimar and Rome from 1894 to 1908, who knew Harry Brewster, the "Souls," the rich æsthetes, or better still, the gossip about them, will get an extra pleasure from Dame Ethel Smythe's book; those who, like myself, have not the remotest notion of the period, will be grasped by her vitality, her wit, humour and dignity of conscience, and conducted among the fascinating mythology of recent social history. *What Happened Next* can be read as a book of jokes, for its sanity and candour, or as the raw material of a number of novels Henry James did not write. One might, it is true, dread a certain heartiness in this strong-minded musician, with her tweeds, bikes, and love of Gilbert and Sullivan, but it is never justified. The impression that remains is indeed of a fine and laughing intelligence and honesty.

Poland in America

Princess Paul Sapieha and Count Jerzy Potocky, the Polish Ambassador to the United States, at a New York charity show in aid of the Joint Fund for Polish Relief, bought a nosegay from flower-girl Barbara Werbenc. Princess Paul Sapieha, chairman of the Polish Relief Fund Committee, is herself American, and is married to a Polish Prince. Her book, "Polish Profile," describing her life in the semi-feudal atmosphere of her husband's estate in Poland up to September 1939, was published in London a month or so ago and reviewed in the "Bystander" of July 17th

The first attraction of the book is its portrayal of her long attachment to the brilliant Harry Brewster, who wrote the librettos of *Fantasio* and *The Wreckers*. It is an object-lesson in the application of Shavian adaptability and common sense to human relationships. Violently disagreeing on many important subjects—and, one must add, separated for a good part of the year by their work and interests, he in Rome and she in England or Germany—they were exceptional people who contrived a devotion which seems to have escaped the usual vulgarities. Occasionally subjected to scandal and spite, they were civilised and not to be taken unawares. Especially important (for the reader and themselves), they were good letter-writers; and even, what is rarer, good telegram-writers. The next attraction of the book is the account of the author's attempts to get her music performed in Germany. Here, though one can see the strain of it, is valuable comedy. Hopeless to get an opera done in England, Germany the only place; but Germany was beginning its Anglophobia and the elegant and domesticated little kingdoms were humming with intrigue, sleepy with indolence and, from the musical point of view, rent by the guerilla wars of the rival musical conductors and baronesses. The former were very absent-minded, the latter very touchy. *Fantasio*, indeed, fell between two baronesses at Weimar. A passion for Goethe had taken Dame Ethel Smythe there, and one night she had the shock of seeing a grandson of Goethe—a lean half-wit or simple-minded eccentric who was afraid of going out in the daylight and slunk about like a famished cat at night. If addressed, he touched his lips and made signs, affecting to be deaf and dumb.

This brings us to the anecdotes. They are innumerable; every one is funny. Some examples: Lady Ponsonby's French, her son-in-law's French malapropisms, a friend who seems to have made a distinction between a virgin and being a "Stonehenge virgin" and who thought to be "as Cæsar's wife" was to be "beyond fructification," the Australian who assured the author that he resembled a certain statue of Jupiter "in every detail," and Harry Brewster's sardonic remark on the culture hounds: "'Nous ne sommes pas ici pour nous amuser,' as the whist player said." The Empress Eugénie provides some retorts courteous. Court etiquette at Weimar has its good touches. The Grand Duke arrives at a ceremony and one of his Orders falls off as he makes his entrance, and skids across the floor. Immediately a screen is put round him where he stands, the medal is pinned on again, the screen removed, and he advances once more. There is something as good on almost every page of this very individual book, which is both a moving invocation of a friendship and a lively dish of life.

"The Root and the Flower," by L. H. Myers, is the only philosophical novel of our time, and *The Pool of Vishnu* (Cape; 9s. 6d.) is its sequel. Agreeably removed from the conditions which lacerate us, though lacerated by their own plagues and civil wars, the Indian nobles journey into banishment, consult gurus, listen to singing on moonlit terraces, occasionally draw swords, and chiefly talk about the meaning of life and the demands of true morality. Briefly, Mr. Myers appears to believe in three panaceas: living by the spirit, candour in human relationships—"The man who says to himself that the other wouldn't understand, or couldn't bear to face the truth or would be made angry by it, is really being protective not of the other but of himself"—and trusting to the good in human nature in politics. The guru sitting by his pool, while near by a discouraged monkey tinkles his glass beads in the moonlight, is consulted by the characters. To Hari Khan, the tortured man of action, he explains how he has attained his simplicity and honesty:

"My life has been—and still is—like the peeling of an onion. One skin after another of self-deception and pretence do I strip off. In the process my eyes water and my vanity smarts." A difficult process for, as Hari Khan replies: "The ordinary man, when he is not acting the mountebank, is admiring someone who is." It would be wrong to convey that this is a novel of shrewd moralisings. It is an attempt to imagine the India of Akbar, to create a day-dream in which human trouble and sensibility may be examined without interference and at leisure. Smoothly it flows on in a prose which is narcotic (though not always as polished as it seems), a considerable imaginative feat which conveys rather the practical Anxiety of the West than the otherworldly Serenity of the East.

The central figure of Mr. Howard Spring's *Fame is the Spur* (Collins; 9s. 6d.) is our old friend and enemy, the self-made man. His course is familiar. Emerging from the slum he swells out, getting larger and larger until, at the end of his days, he begins to sag. In the taut skin of his self-confidence, doubt has made a tiny pin-prick. To this portrait Mr. Spring brings nothing new. He prefers overtones to undertones; but he uses Hamar Shawcross to present an immensely readable, eventful and dramatic picture of the public life of the last forty years. For Hamar Shawcross comes out of the slums and travels, via chapel oratory and journalism

(Concluded on page 221)

Gentle dragon *at the door is Mrs. Thornley Gibson, who has to see that only war-workers use the new canteen. She was one of the foundation workers at the concert canteen, is a sister-in-law of its secretary, Mrs. Coit. Both she and her husband are talented musicians*

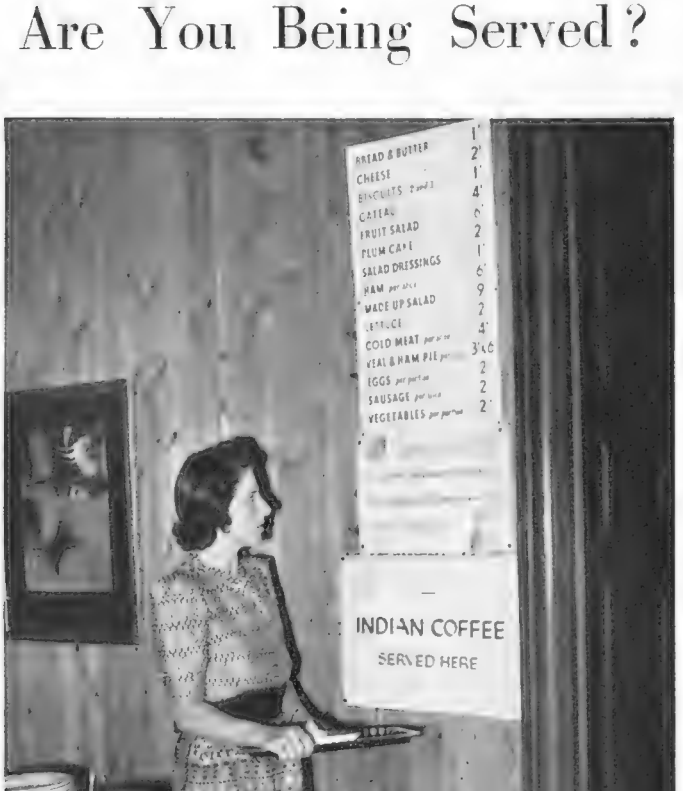
Lull *between preparations and the lunch rush gives workers a minute to sit down. The Hon. Mrs. Egerton is talking to Miss Pamela Egerton and Miss Ruth Coit. Mrs. Egerton, Lord Parmoor's daughter, and wife of Professor Alfred Egerton, Secretary to the Royal Society, has been working at the National Gallery canteens since last year*

The "Bystander" Goes Round the Canteens

No. 27. The New National Gallery Canteen

Soon after Sir Kenneth Clark and Myra Hess started the National Gallery lunch-time concerts, Lady Gater started a National Gallery lunch-time canteen for the concert-goers. (Pictures of this canteen were published in the BYSTANDER of January 31st.) It was a tremendous success, and although the food was of the inexpensive snack-bar kind, £1000 was handed over in five months to the Musicians'

Are You Being Served?



Prices *are posted where clients and workers can check up their orders. Mrs. Victor Goodman is the waitress here. Her husband is a Clerk to the House of Lords, and is one of the organisers of the Parliamentary Home Guard*

Knifing up *a piece of ham is Mrs. Clifford Mollison, whose husband is playing in "High Temperature," the farce at the Duke of York's*

Coffee *as it has Pouring particular*

***Flowers** are brought and arranged by the workers. Engaged in mural decoration is Miss Phyllis Swann, daughter of Geoffrey Swann. All the decor, which includes brightly checked American-cloth table covers, and equipment were chosen by Lady Gater*

***Washing lettuces** is Mrs. Graham Browne. Salads are another National Gallery speciality, and crab and lobster ones are often on the menu. Mayonnaise is generally made by Mrs. Montagu Norman's cook, who works regularly at the canteen*

Benevolent Fund. "Gate-crashers"—i.e., non-concert-goers—wanted to eat there too, so after a time Lady Gater opened a second canteen for them in the basement picture store. Here space is limited, and war-workers only are allowed in. Mrs. Sharpe, whose brilliance as a caterer produced the concert canteen's astonishing profits, is also catering for the new canteen, whose profits will go to war charities

***Washing up** is done in an alcove in a basement passage. The squad on duty are Miss Mawson, Mrs. Metcalfe, the Hon. Mrs. Egerton, and Mrs. Lane. The last-named, a voluntary worker at the canteen every day, is Mrs. Cecil Lubbock's cook, Mrs. Lubbock being one of the National Gallery's original workers*

***Caterer and founder** are Mrs. Frederick Sharpe and Lady Gater, and for both the canteens are nearly a full-time job. Lady Gater's husband, Sir George Gater, formerly Clerk of the L.C.C., and, more recently, joint Permanent Secretary to the Ministry of Supply, two weeks ago became the Ministry of Supply's sole Secretary*

***Setting the counter** is an hour's job for Miss Audrey Fildes, Mrs. Frederick Sharpe, Miss Celia Bramwell and Miss Rosamond James*

ndian coffee is a speciality of the new canteen, lways been of the old (i.e., concert) canteen. ut from the shining urns, which also contain ood tea, are Miss Raikes and Miss Joyce Foster

Home Policy

Simple enough for the office, smart enough for any daytime occasion, is this tailored frock from Liberty's, Regent Street. Made in their own striped "Friston" material, a pure wool crepe, it costs 5½ guineas. The easy fit of the bodice and long, full sleeves are typical of this autumn's casual, practical lines. Equally practical are the fitting tweed coats, designed for town or the country, and warm without being heavy. They have them in the charming colour combinations for which this house is famous

It may seem early to be thinking about the dark evenings, but many women have now so little time to shop that they have to make plans in advance. Burberry's in the Haymarket are specialising in attractive lounging suits that are also thoroughly practical for midnight alarms. This corduroy outfit, which includes a hood to wear in the shelter, costs £5 19s. 6d. in several colours. The jacket is lined and has buttoned-up pockets to hold all the oddments from your handbag. If you prefer a siren suit, they have a very warm one in soft angora, cut like a ski-ing outfit, for 79/6. And they have knitted slacks to go with cashmere sweaters

Social Register

Weddings, an Engagement, a Christening

Engaged: Mr. Gardiner and Miss Carnegie

Right: Flt.-Lt. the Hon. Julian and Mrs. Hawke's daughter was christened Catherine Mary at Holy Trinity, Sloane Street. Her father, Lord Hawke's brother, is in a Lancashire squadron of the A.A.F. Her mother was Griselda Bury before her 1933 marriage. The Hawkes have another daughter, aged five, live at Cuddington in Cheshire

Christened: Catherine Mary Hawke

Left: Peter Ambrose Gardiner is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Gardiner, of Coombe Hill, Surrey. His fiancée, Bridget Mary Carnegie, is the only daughter of Sir Francis Carnegie, Chief Superintendent of Ordnance Factories at Woolwich Arsenal, and Lady Carnegie, of 11, St. John's Park, Blackheath

Married: Miss Drayson and Sir Robert Rankin

Right: Sir Robert Rankin, Bt., M.P., of 14, Hill Street, W.1, and Rachel Drayson, daughter of Charles Dupin Drayson, and the late Mrs. Drayson, were married at St. George's, Hanover Square. He was formerly head of a Liverpool shipping firm, has been Unionist Member of the Kirkdale Division of Liverpool since 1931, was made a baronet three years ago, has been a widower since 1932

Married: Miss Brodrick and Mr. Wilson-Smith

Sec.-Lieut. R. S. Wilson-Smith, Royal Engineers, and Jane Brodrick, daughter of the late George J. Gould, and Viscountess Dunsford, of 17, Hyde Park Gardens, W.2, were married at St. James's, Sussex Gardens. He is the son of the late Major P. P. O. Smith, and Mrs. Percy Smith, of Buck Croft, Felsted, Essex. Her brother, Captain George Brodrick, was married two months ago to Mhari Gourlay

Below: Lieut. Alan Phipps, R.N., is the second son of Sir Eric Phipps, formerly British Ambassador in Berlin, and Lady Phipps. The Hon. Veronica Fraser is the second of the three sisters of Captain Lord Lovat, of Beaufort Castle, Inverness-shire. They were married at the Church of Our Lady of the Assumption, Warwick Street

Married: the Hon. Veronica Fraser and Lieut. Phipps, R.N.

Heroes Decorated . . .

. . . At the King's Two Investitures Last Week

D.S.O. was awarded in the Birthday Honours to the Rev. A. T. Naylor, Deputy Chaplain-General to the Forces. His wife and daughter went to the Palace with him

D.S.O. was given to Captain George Creasy, R.N., in the Birthday Honours, and he went to the Palace for it last week with his wife and son

The Second Investiture

The King held two Investitures last week, on Tuesday and Wednesday. At the first he decorated Captain Harald Ervine-Andrews with the V.C., and also received Mrs. Nicholls and handed to her as next of kin the V.C. awarded to her husband, the late Lance-Corporal Harry Nicholls. Wives, mothers, sisters and friends of those receiving orders or decorations sat in the quadrangle at Buckingham Palace. Each recipient was allocated two seats besides his own

D.F.C. *was given in June to Flight-Lieut. J. W. C. Simpson, who during operations over France "led his flight on every patrol, showing not only courage and skill in fighting, but also an excellent example by his confident and offensive spirit." Up to the time of the award he had brought down seven enemy aircraft himself. His mother and his sister, Sub-Leader Ruth Simpson, went to the Palace with him*

Fl.-Lt. Simpson, D.F.C., His Mother and Sister

D.S.O. *was given in June to Captain H. S. M. Harrison-Wallace, R.N. (retired), for courage and resource in operations on the Norwegian coast. His wife and daughter watched him invested by the King*

K.C.B. *was awarded in the Birthday Honours to Vice-Admiral Charles Gordon Ramsey, C.B., who has been C.O., Coast of Scotland, since last year. With him is his sister*

M.C. *was awarded last month to Sec.-Lieut. Rhidian Llewellyn, Welsh Guards, for gallant conduct with the B.E.F. in France. His mother, Lady Llewellyn, went with him to the Investiture. He is the youngest son of Sir David Llewellyn, Bt., the Welsh coal-owner. He got the news of his decoration on his twenty-first birthday*

Squadron-Leader Churchill, D.S.O., D.F.C., Sat With His Wife and His Mother

D.S.O. and D.F.C. *were given in the same award list in May to Squadron-Leader Walter M. Churchill (then a Flight-Lieut.). Put in command of a squadron in France, he "led it with marked success, inspiring his pilots and maintenance crews magnificently." The squadron destroyed sixty-two enemy 'planes, he himself during that time accounting for four*

M.C. *was given by the King to Lieut. Gilbert W. R. Monckton, 5th Inniskilling Dragoon Guards, Sir Walter Monckton's son. In the fighting in May, he and his troop being surrounded, "he fought his way out of this dangerous situation with the greatest skill. . . . This officer has shown outstanding powers of leadership under the most trying conditions"*

M.C. *was awarded to Sec.-Lieut. D. R. Bocquet, Surrey Regiment. He was last year's Army lawn tennis champion. With him here is his fiancée, Pamela Seaton, with whom he won the Junior Mixed Doubles at Wimbledon four years ago*

D.S.O. *was awarded to Colonel Charles Usher, O.B.E., Seaforth Highlanders, for his organisation of the defence of the Aa and then of Bergues, the retention of which "was vital to the evacuation of the B.E.F." With him are his wife and Mrs. Baird*

V.C. *awarded posthumously to Lance-Corporal Harry Nicholls, Grenadier Guards, was pinned by his widow on her daughter Carol. With her are her father-, mother- and sister-in-law. Nicholls, fighting heroically at the head of his section, "was wounded at least four times, but absolutely refused to give up. . . . His gallant action was instrumental in enabling his company to reach its objective, and in causing the enemy to fall back across the River Scheldt"*

V.C. *was awarded to Captain Harald Ervine-Andrews, East Lancashire Regiment, "for most conspicuous gallantry." The official account of his epic ends: "Captain Ervine-Andrews displayed courage, tenacity, and devotion to duty worthy of the highest traditions of the British Army, and his magnificent example imbued his own troops with the dauntless fighting spirit which he himself displayed." His mother, father and wife are with him*

People

On Duty and Off Duty

Count Manfred Czernin on Leave

Flying-Officer Count Manfred Czernin had seven German 'planes to his credit when he came on leave recently. With him is his wife, who was Maud Sarah Hamilton before her marriage last year, and his elk-hound, Cairo, whose picture is painted on the side of his master's "Hurricane." Count Czernin's mother, the Hon. Mrs. Frost, is Lord Grimthorpe's sister

Florence Desmond at a Wedding Party

Florence Desmond drank a toast at the Grosvenor House wedding reception of John Leggitt and Sheelagh Griffith. He is secretary of the Anglo-Egyptian Chamber of Commerce; Miss Griffith is private secretary to Sir Walter Monckton at the Ministry of Information

Richard Levin Camouflages Cars

Richard Levin is director of design for the British Industrial Design Group, and has been working on car camouflage. His new method is to paint cars half for the country and half for the town, so that during an air raid they can be parked on one or other side of the road, according to the background

George Allison Is a Boatman

George Allison, manager of the Arsenal Football Club, has joined the Home Guard River Patrol, and takes his turn in watching over the Thames from a motor-launch. Most celebrated of football club managers, he is also well known as a sports commentator on the wireless

Lord Carnarvon Is a Cavalryman

Captain the Earl of Carnarvon, himself a well-known racehorse owner, is now adjutant of a cavalry training regiment in which a number of professional horsemen are busy learning their jobs all over again. Among them are jockeys R. Smyth, C. Mitchell, W. Hollick, Glenville Kelly, the steeplechase jockey, and O. T. Barnes, O.B.H. first whip

The "Bystander" Bookshelf

(Continued from page 213)

into politics and ends in the House of Lords. His single-track mind takes him straight through the strikes, movements and quarrels of the period. His wife is a suffragette who heckles him at his meetings; his friends, the Welsh miners (Mr. Spring's Welsh scenes and characters are excellent), see him betray them because of "the aristocratic embrace"; his son, of course, is killed in Spain. The portrait is not subtle and perhaps that is a weakness of single-minded monsters; emotionally he is a rocky sentimentalist who flies off to "meditate" in his hut on the moors. But the background is very real in its externals, and very lively. Mr. Spring is the ubiquitous camera-man with a ranging and experienced eye. The Suffragette—Inset: suffragette being forcibly fed; what it feels like to be one. The Coronation: Inset: peer obliged to breakfast in his regalia to save time; pleasure of self-made peer at seeing rain drip off a duchess's coronet on to her nose. Seven hundred pages is too long for the character of Shawcross; but not for the animated canvas of human beings which he has caused Mr. Spring to call to life.

NOVELS recommended: *My Best Secret-Service Story.* Various Authors. (Faber; 8*s.* 6*d.*)

Steffan Green. By Richmal Crompton. (Macmillan; 7*s.* 6*d.*)

A Footman for the Peacock. By Rachel Ferguson. (Cape; 8*s.*)

Swift Flows the River. By Nard Jones. (Hamish Hamilton; 8*s.* 6*d.*)

Shadow Drama. By Nina Abbott. (Duckworth; 8*s.*)

High Sierra. By W. R. Burnett. (Heinemann; 8*s.*)

Royal Water Sellers

MESSRS. SCHWEPPES LIMITED have been granted a Royal Warrant of Appointment, as Mineral Water Manufacturers, to H.M. the King.

Warrants of Appointment have been held by this Company, which was founded in England by Jacob Schweppe, a Swiss, in 1794, to the Duchess of Kent and Princess Victoria in 1836, and, successively, to the late Queen Victoria, King Edward VII., as Prince of Wales and King, and to King George V.; also to the Duke of Windsor, as Prince of Wales, and to the late Queen Alexandra, an unbroken period of 104 years.

A Royal Warrant has also been granted to Messrs. W. and J. Burrow, Limited, a subsidiary of Schweppes Limited, as Purveyors of Malvern Water to H.M. the King. This firm held a Warrant of Appointment to the late King George V. from 1923.

Help Yourself Bookstall

A help-yourself bookstall from which you can actually help yourself to a finely-bound book on any one of a wide range of subjects, without anyone asking you to pay for it: this is one feature of an ambitious charity programme at the lovely Derry Gardens of Derry and Toms, the London store, which opened on August 12th for one week in aid of the Hospital for Sick Children, Great Ormond Street, W.C.2.

Important people will open the gardens every day, and every morning well-known broadcasting dance-band leaders—Sidney Lipton, Mantovani, Felix Mendelssohn (Hawaiian Serenaders), George Melachrino, and Jack White—will be there with their bands.

The Golf Coupon from any one issue of the BYSTANDER *during the current month must accompany any entry for the* BYSTANDER *Monthly Spoon Competition. The Hon. Secretary of the Club must sign the card* and certify the scratch score of the course. *Cards to be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* BYSTANDER, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY

THE "BYSTANDER" GOLF COUPON AUGUST

Name { *Mrs.* / *Miss* } .....

Address .....

.....

MINISTRY OF FOOD

THE WEEK'S FOOD FACTS No. 3

Start now to collect these useful advertisements. Pin them up in your kitchen.

PLEASE make full use of the fruit and vegetables now so plentiful. It is important that we should eat home produce rather than food which has to come from overseas. *Never* waste anything, however small. *Never* eat more than enough. You'll be fitter, you'll save money, you'll make cargo space available for materials of war. *Every time you cook you can help or hinder Hitler!*

ON THE KITCHEN FRONT

HEALTH HINT. Among the protective foods, *salads* have a high place. Eat a salad every day while they are so plentiful.

BUTTER PAPER. Always scrape the paper in which butter or margarine has been wrapped. The papers themselves should be saved for greasing baking dishes or covering food while it is cooking in the oven.

REMEMBER that a plate of fresh home-grown fruit (plums for example) makes a refreshing dish. It will save fuel and will help to cut down the nation's consumption of imported food. *You can hear other useful time-and-fuel-saving hints on the wireless each morning at* 8.15.

RECIPE for Vegetable Hot-pot

Prepare and cut into convenient pieces ½ lb. potatoes, ½ lb. carrots, ½ lb. onions and ½ lb. turnips. Put into a saucepan with a teacupful of hot water, put on the lid, bring to the boil and cook for 15 minutes. Then add a teacupful of shelled peas, ½ lb. tomatoes and a few sprigs of mint, season with salt and pepper, put on the lid again and cook for 20 minutes more. Strain off the liquid which can be used in preparing a parsley sauce to serve with the vegetables.

Another way: If an ounce of dripping or margarine can be spared it should be melted in the saucepan and the vegetables tossed in it before the water is added to the pan. This much improves the flavour of the hot-pot.

Save food, spare cargo-space, save money!

THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, S.W.1

Getting Married: The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements

Lenare

Olive Robins

Is engaged to marry Commander Sir Charles Madden, Bt., R.N., elder son of the late Admiral of the Fleet Sir Charles Madden, Bt., and of Lady Madden, of Broadstone, Forest Row, Sussex. Miss Robins is the daughter of the late G. W. Robins and of Mrs. Robins, of Caldy, Cheshire

Lenare

Pamela Jane Maclaine

Is the only daughter of Lieut.-Colonel Ronald Maclaine, of Mackeanston House, Downe, Perthshire, and of the late Mrs. Maclaine, and is to be married on August 29th in Edinburgh to Michael Robert Kenneth, the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, second son of Mr. and Mrs. James Kenneth, Oakfield, Lochgilphead, Argyllshire

Lafayette

Vaire Olive Wollaston

Is the younger daughter of Sir Gerald and Lady Wollaston, of Glen Hill, Walmer, Kent. Her engagement has been announced this month to Douglas William Logan, Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. Sir Gerald Wollaston has been Garter Principal King of Arms since 1930 and is Inspector of Regimental Colours

COW & GATE

Is the Reason

Adult teeth can only be sound and healthy if baby's milk teeth are perfect—these can only be so if Baby is reared on a perfectly balanced food full of the essential minerals and vitamins which will safeguard

YOUR BABY'S TEETH

and so equip him for healthy adult teeth and the perfect digestion he will acquire in consequence.

COW & GATE Milk Food ensures not only freedom from all teething worries in a Baby, but subsequently strong and vigorous adult teeth upon which the healthy digestion of that child in future life must depend.

There is no secret in this ; the reason is simple. This world-famous Baby Food is made under conditions of scrupulous cleanliness from the finest milk in the world—English milk produced from cows fed upon pastures in the West Country, which science has proved to be richest not only in those minerals which teeth and bones require, but in the essential vitamins which make them readily assimilable.

When for any reason a mother is not able to give her child its natural food, there is only one substitute which is a safe equivalent—that is COW & GATE. Our special processes make this cows' milk as digestible as human milk could be, and ensure that the quality, balance and food value are consistent throughout the seasons.

Your child's teeth can be as strong and healthy as this happy baby's, if you have done your duty by giving him COW & GATE.

The successes that COW & GATE Milk Food has secured all over the world are too long to be detailed, but your Doctor and your Nurse will tell you that COW & GATE is supreme.

That is the reason why COW & GATE is essential for *your* baby.

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Cow & Gate MILK FOOD

"THE BEST FOOD FOR BABIES WHEN NATURAL FEEDING FAILS"

Coulton — Meller

Sub-Lieut. Richard Trevena Coulton, R.N.V.R., and Diana Meller, elder daughter of Dr. and Mrs. R. W. Meller, of Mill Lane House, Felixstowe, Suffolk, were married at Chelsea Old Church. He is the son of W. T. Coulton, a director of the "Times of India," and Mrs. Coulton, of Sydenham, Kent

Topping — Devas

Robert John Topping, only son of Sir Robert Topping, of 51, Gunnersbury Avenue, W.5, and the late Lady Topping, and Pamela Mary Devas, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Devas, of Reigate, Surrey, were married at Reigate. Sir Robert Topping is general director and principal agent of the Conservative Party organisation

Proctor — Seaton

Lieut. Henry Proctor, R.A.M.C., son of Colonel and Mrs. Alfred Henry Proctor, of Mulberry Close, Hendon, and Jean Seaton, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Seaton, of Blair Atholl, Perthshire, were married at Hawkhurst, Kent. His father formerly held important medical posts in India, was honorary surgeon to the Viceroy

Horsfall — Scott-Willey

T. M. Horsfall, son of the late T. M. Horsfall, of Haydon Bridge, Northumberland, and Mrs. Horsfall, of 50, Ladbroke Grove, W.11, and Janet Scott-Willey, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hugh H. I. Scott-Willey, of Homewood, Chipstead, Surrey, and Courage, Lyme Regis, were married at St. Margaret's, Chipstead

Sherriff — Gilbert

Captain Charles Gordon Sherriff, K.O.S.B., only son of the late W. G. Sherriff, and Mrs. Sherriff, of 15, Minto Street, Edinburgh, and Josephine Mary Gilbert, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Gilbert, of Gorseway, Hayling Island, Hants, were married at St. George's, Hanover Square

Shepley — Dawson

Lieut. F. J. M. Shepley, son of Mr. and Mrs. Jack Shepley, of Woodthorpe Hall, Holmsfield, Derbyshire, and Nancy Jean Dawson, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Dawson, of Aldeburgh, Suffolk, were married at Holmsfield. The bride's father was formerly head of the Public Works Department, Burma

Pearl Freeman

Captain and Mrs. C. H. A. Barnes

Captain and Mrs. Barnes were married at Winchester. He is the son of the late Lieut.-Colonel C. C. Barnes, and Mrs. Barnes, of Freston House, Ipswich. She was Helena Nora Williams, daughter of the late Wellington A. Williams, and Mrs. Zappe, of Shernfold Park, Frant, Sussex

Pearl Freeman

Captain and Mrs. C. E. Boothby

Captain Christopher Evelyn Boothby, R.M., and Pamela Heriot-Maitland, elder daughter of Frederick Lewis Heriot-Maitland, of Buenos Aires, and Mrs. Heriot-Maitland, of Eldon Lodge, Ascot, Berks., were married at Gosport. He is the son of the late Commodore W. O. Boothby, and Mrs. Boothby, of Redford House, Redford, Sussex

Pearl Freeman

Mr. and Mrs. Michael Speir

A North Country wedding was that of Michael A. Speir, second son of Colonel and Mrs. Guy Speir, of the Abbey, North Berwick, and Mary Baker-Baker, elder daughter of the late J. F. Baker-Baker, and Mrs. Baker-Baker, of East Hall, Middleton Tyas, Yorks. They were married at Middleton Tyas

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The "Bystander's" Going-Out Guide

Lansdowne Restaurant

Friend Fernandez

THEY call Stephane Grappelly their Cabaret Artiste at the Lansdowne. But I think that is an understatement of his pervasive functions. He is out in front, playing his supreme ideas into the tunes of the moment three times a night officially, I believe. But the memory next morning is that Grappelly is with the Lansdowne, rather than at the Lansdowne. And that is a most satisfactory memory. I won't dilate on his playing, because I haven't the vocabulary, and swing-fans know all about him and collect his records, anyway. I think, though, you should spend an evening at the Lansdowne and hear him with Barney Gilbraith and band, a top-rank swing outfit at the best of times. To catch them you must nip along pretty soon, as Barney is due to join up soon, and on the 19th of this month Tim Clayton and his orchestra from the 400 take the stand as very worthy successors.

You needn't change, and the prices are lower than the Grand Babylons of town. Fernandez will do you very well in food and drink if you leave both of those to him, and equally well if you choose delicately. If you 're in uniform, you will find a welcome slice off the final addition.

I commend you to listen to Vivien Paget more carefully than you might to a run-of-the-mill crooneuse, which she isn't, by any means. She puts a lot of meaning into the words of to-day and is a decorative person as well.

Lunch, dinner and supper-cum-dance. In the room next door there is a good radio set, in case you have to listen to a News.

Hatchett's

The new bar at Hatchett's

THEY 'VE got a third bar in at Hatchett's now. Menfolk, especially those from the outposts of Empire, know the one — half-way down the Piccadilly stairs, with the book in which the home-comer signs name and address so that other h.-c.s can find him and co-operate. Then the bar in Dover Street, with snacks and sandwiches and little chairs. It has been here that for some time the waiters-for-tables have congregated over cocktails; and if you chose that entrance to get to the restaurant below, there was usually a lot of shifting of chairs to allow you through even sideways, such was the throng. Some of that will be let off now that the little room behind the restaurant has been made into a third bar, all spick and span, and with moulded curtains on the walls. Meanwhile the annexe to the restaurant proper has been fully utilised at every meal just to feed people.

Look at it any way you please, Hatchett's is on the crest of the wave, and I see no reason why it shouldn't stay there indefinitely, so long as it keeps just the attractions it has now. Arthur Young's Novachord band . . . and you can't beat that. Gerold at the tiller in all matters of food, wines and public relations (which three are all excellently handled). Moderate prices and no formality. Young folk and pretty girls, especially for the swing dancing. Flowers in abundance, and coolth pleasantly graded. Salute to Gerold and all concerned, and my apologies for spelling his name wrong last time.

The St. Regis

George Shearing, swing pianist

GOOD news for habitués of the St. Regis—and their number is legion—is that their clamour has been rewarded by the reintroduction of cabaret to set the final seal on that anti-black-out gaiety which has always thrived on the shores of Cork Street. To go with it, George Shearing, the brilliant blind swing pianist, and the St. Regis quintet are still in force and making the toes tickle to get on the dance floor all through the night.

And that doesn't mean that the claims of the gastronome are subordinated to those of the dancer; Luzio, who has put in twenty years at the Ritz, is the new restaurant manager and is welcoming a host of old friends. He will soon show the sort of meal you have been waiting for a long time to get outside of (as they say), not to mention the fine wines that still fill the St. Regis cellars,

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including a heap that are rapidly acquiring a rarity value. The odd thing is that it all comes at prices that can't embarrass the slenderest pocket. That goes for staying in the hotel too, where you can have a room for anything from a night to a life-time. If you're in one of the Services it's even cheaper, but don't forget a lot of other right-minded folk have the same idea.

Shepherd's

Dapper Oscar

I USED to title this place The Shepherd's Tavern, and I have no doubt that that is still one of its semi-official names. But to one who doesn't know its moods and offerings, the name would give a wrong impression. "Tavern" might be applicable to the bar-lounge on the ground floor. But up the stairs is a restaurant that is currently serving as good food, if at smaller cost, as any in Mayfair.

Lately Oscar has come in to take charge. You probably knew Oscar at the Monseigneur in its early days. And again at the Berkeley. Well, now it is Oscar of Shepherd's. The food he is organising for the lucky few that can get the tables in that not very large room is something to write home about in peace; and possibly to keep quiet about in wartime, in case the world and his wife come along too. No elaboration, mind you. Steak, vegetables and beer is the sort of median meal. But everything done to a sigh of gratitude. "The man's restaurant that women like."

I imagine that Oscar must be wanting to treble his seating accommodation at every meal. People have found this little Mayfair oasis, and are coming in their numbers. Good service, prices still down, pleasant surroundings, a superb host, and food . . . well, I count this as writing home about it.

The New Queen's

YOU'LL still see all the current allied uniforms at the Queen's in one round of the clock; though the colourful Spahi type that did them honour a month or so back will not be in evidence again for a bit. They come from the ends of the earth, and not a few of the furthest flung know, or know of, Mr. Cope who is the efficient overlord of the Queen's. Some of them spot him by his carnation, for he wears one every evening of the year.

For those who want a meal and wine, there it is. Those who want a savoury and lots of beer, there they have it. And (verb. sap.) those who want Audit Ale, Dale's Cambridge Audit Ale, can get it here. But (verb. insip) don't go lightly at a second mug of it, as it is highly potent stuff, as dons delight to tell.

The Queen's (downstairs, Leicester Square, next to the Empire) closes at midnight and is open for lunch. Sundays, 7-10 p.m. only. Java starts playing at dinner-time, unless he has been called up by the time this appears. He and two others of his boys have signed up. Two bars, one upstairs, one down, the latter in charge of Charlie, an ex-Circus star. Go early to the restaurant on Saturday nights, as most of the rest of London will come a little later. Salads recommended at lunchtime, and fair looks of the feminine clientele at all times of the day. The Queen's is an institution. Go and see.

Oasis types

The Spotted Dog

IT'S a fine bit of organisation, that bar at the Spotted Dog. I have seldom found greater variety cabined in so small a space. Variety of drinks, I mean. Drinkers remain faithfully constant, though the concentration of the home forces has brought many of the Spotted Dog members back within lunching distance, and the place is a hum of popularity. Incidentally, officers, men, women, and members of all sorts of H.M. Forces are automatic honorary members. All members know her and like the way she fixes the affairs of the club, but if you don't belong and go in for a meal with one who does, you'll probably see Miss Fletcher, who is in command. She has done much to make it the pleasant spot it is, and she'll go on seeing nothing upsets it.

The Club is in Bruton Mews. You've probably seen the swinging sign with the Dalmatian on it. It shares an entrance hall with the Florida Club. You can get lunches and dinners, quickly, well served and excellently cooked, for prices that are almost on the "cut-off-the-joint-and-two-veg." level; which is a good thing to know in that part of Mayfair. There are amusements and intermittent music, notably Marc Anthony at the piano in the evenings. The rooms are attractive and the chairs comfortable. Any of its many members reading this, who had lapsed into thinking that the S.D. was not at the old stand, should hereby take note and go along. They'll find it fighting fit. EDAX.

Club spirits

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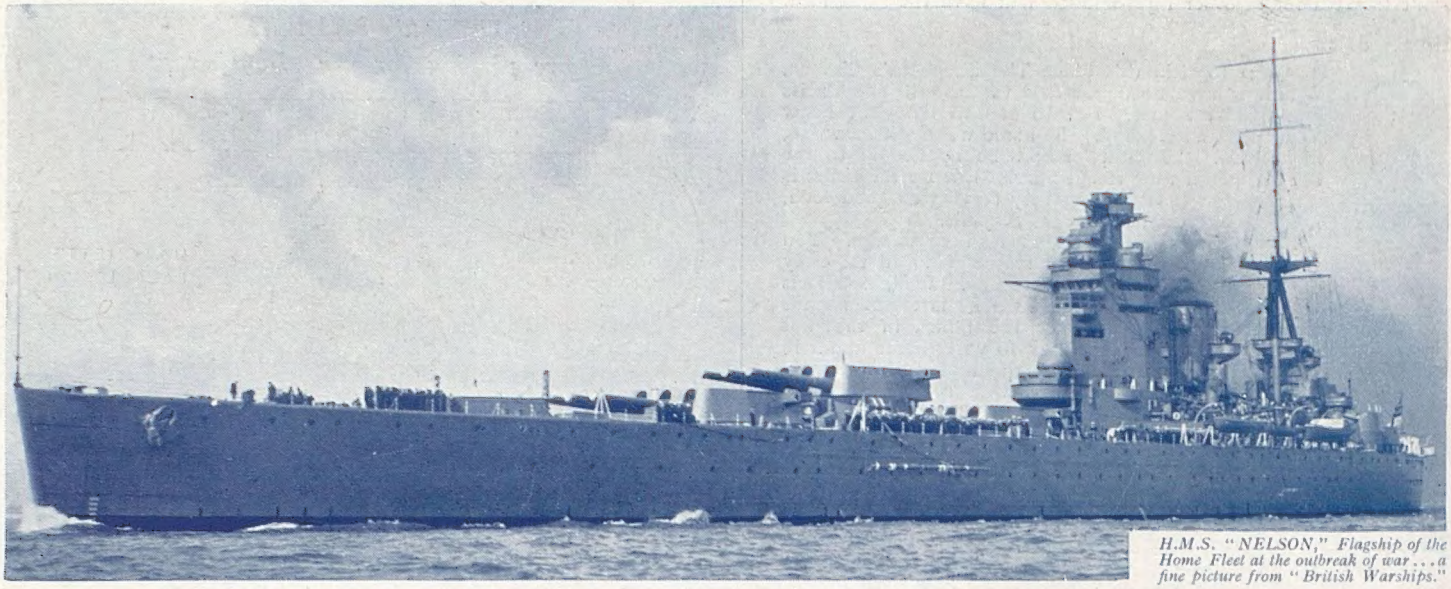

H.M.S. "NELSON," Flagship of the Home Fleet at the outbreak of war . . . a fine picture from "British Warships."

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THE ROYAL NAVY

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